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Secretary Taft.

It is made known everywhere and it is acquiesced in with docility that Mr. WILLIAM H. TAPT is to be the nominee of the next Republican national convention. That it is so accepted is a most sinister compliment to that able and honest gentleman-we mean to that gentleman, for the word does not admit truly of qualification. A gentleman may not be other than honest, nor yet a liar, nor even the cause of lying in others.

Do people assume that WILLIAM H TAFT views this nomination passively? is he no more than an agreeable personality, a prepossessing example of avoirdupois sterilized of all individuality save only such as is denoted on the label which it has pleased Mr. ROOSEVELT to paste across his broad back? Does anybody who has himself the faculty of selfrespect and who believes that the people of this country are of any more account than sheep-does any such man believe for one moment that WILLIAM H. TAPT is of that kind?

What is there in his personal appearance, or in his family history, or in his decent career which leads people to take it for granted that he is a mere mirror for Mr. ROOSEVELT? He is no man's man, no man's slave, any more than Mr. ROOSEVELT is himself - who is, indeed the slave of his own idiosyncrasies.

Therefore, it will not do so lightly to impute a candidacy of such a character to a person of WILLIAM H. TAFT's makeup, for he is every inch of him a most assured man; a man who could not for the life of him harbor a dishonest or a selfish thought, nor, though it won him the world, do a sordid or a mean thing.

How is it possible to contemplate such a man going before a national convention, or, worse, going before the people of the United States, with a dog collar around his neck, a prodigious badge of moral and intellectual bondage: "This is the Chattel, the Automaton Equivalent of Me. I have incarnated in him My Policies, My language of MORTON PRINCE of Boston. whose devotion to me I appreciate. TAFT. after the fourth of March, 1909, will be a Dissociated Personality and I shall occupy his premises most of the time. I shall be he and he will be Me all the same; his name is TAFT, and as President he will

be Me also." Of course, with a sane convention this sort of thing should kill TAFT, or kill any other man; but what prospect is there of

It is therefore nothing more than fair that Mr. ROOSEVELT's eves should be opened to the real character of his Secretary of War. While for our own part there is no one whom we would so gladly see elected to the Presidency as WILIAM H. TAFT, the choice of him by Mr. ROOSEVELT is most unhappy. He is utterly unfitted to be a locum tenens for any one, and he will kick over the traces. Besides, we have always held that while there was no one else who could make a more brilliant run for office, when it comes to running for a nomination Mr. TAFT would make no run at all. Of the great art of cranming oneself down the public throat he knows nothing at all. We do not think he will get the nomination, and if it should come to him as it is now planned that it should come he will not accept it.

Some Promised Light.

The Hon. JOHN McLLHENNY, recently appointed to the Civil Service Commission by his friend President ROOSEVELT, is reported in the public prints as troubled in his mind. A Southerner by birth, and incidentally of high social position, he notes with discontent the growing indisposition of Southern men and women to apply to the commission for certificates of capacity and intelligence. Naturally enough, he feels moved to inquire into this remarkable apathy, and it is now announced in Washington that he will soon make a tour of the South with a view to inquiry and investigation.

As the semi-official bulletins have it Commissioner McLLHENNY apprehends an erroneous mental attitude on the part of his fellow Southerners. The latter may object to entering into competition with colored persons, or they may have imbibed the idea utterly unwarranted, of course-that political influences invade the councils or control the action of the reformers; or it is this or that, At any rate, the present commissioner and former Rough Rider is said to have arranged a tour of the South for the immediate future, in the course of which | he will remove injurious misapprehensions, explain away all doubts, and genpeople. It is a worthy and admirable

try will follow Mr. McILRENNY's propaganda with sympathetic interest.

Meanwhile, the veteran observers of

public events, indurated by experience and disenchanted by unwelcome conviction, find it only too easy to account for the disinclination of the Southern whites to submit their moral and intellectual pretensions to the judgment of Commissioner McIlhenny and his coadjutors. There are many satisfactory, indeed unanswerable explanations, but two will suffice. In the first place, the South is prospering and developing beyond anything in the nature of temperate description. There is work for men of brains and courage and capacity, work which offers high reward, independence, promotion, self-respect. A desk in one of the executive departments at Washington may commend itself to mental and physical mediocrity. but for the strong, the ambitious and the highly competent it represents little more than monotonous and demoralizing drudgery, the decadence of opportunity and hope. Here and there some individual of special and peculiar force has found his way out of the disheartening quicksands. George B. Cortelyou is a Cabinet officer with a magnificent future awaiting him. But for ninety-nine out of every hundred the three legged stool on which the alumni of Civil Service Reform eventually perch represents the ultimate altitude of man. In the second place, the diploma of the Civil Service Commission has fallen into just contempt. That diploma means nothing which self-respecting men and women value. The examinations do not disclose character virtue worth or real nobility. The test is one from which a riminal or a degenerate may emerge with as much credit as an archangel or a

put of capable and showy parrots. This is not said to discourage the youthful, eager and enthusiastic Mr. MCLLHENNY. We contemplate his alleged itinerary with unbounded expectation. We feel sure that it will illumine and enlarge his vision of the South. He will return-at least let us hope sowith more wisdom and less bounce.

vestal virgin. The machinery may pro-

duce with equal ease a monster or a

saint. Its usual work results in an out-

A Good Sign.

Violent as is the rhetoric of the letter written by President ROOSEVELT in denunciation of the labor organizations which are now criticising him in terms which he naturally finds exasperating beyond endurance, one fact will be noted with general approval.

In the entire document the word 'lies" occurs only once; and that in a relation which deprives the verb of any offensive significance. "So far as in my power lies," says the President, 'I shall uphold justice." He does not use the word anywhere in the sense customary to his tongue and pen

This may seem a precious small credit mark in the case of a public utterance by a President of the United States. Nevertheless, the evidence of self restraint is encouraging and should be recorded with gratitude.

Mr. Bryan in Martial Company.

If a man is known by the company he Principles, My Supernal Sagacity, in the keeps, Andrew Carnegie, Rabbi Levy, FRANK RICHARD EDWARD EVERETT HALE, the Baron D'ESTOUR-NELLES DE CONSTANT, President CHARLES W. ELIOT, MAARTEN MAARTENS, Mrs. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD and others of Mr. BRYAN'S colaborers in the cause of peace at the National Arbitration and Peace Congress in this city would not have recognized him at the hospitable breakfast table of the Algonquin Club in Boston on Tuesday morning. Mr. BRYAN was not exactly shouldering his crutch and showing how fields were won, but as a a same convention of either Republicans gallant son of Mars he was swapping reminiscence with other seasoned veterans of the war with Spain. As Colonel BRYAN of the Third Nebraska Regiment, attached to the Seventh Army Corps, mobilized to fight the bloody Spaniard and take his life if necessary, Mr. BRYAN, fresh from the great peace congress and its gentle and refining associations, was the bright particular star of a galaxy of epauletted and intrepid soldiers with distinguished service records, among them being:

Major-General WILLIAM A. BANCROFF, who emmanded the Second Brigade of the Second Division of the Seventh Army Corps: General Ban BOFT'S two aides, Captain FRANCIS A. PARKER and Captain LESTER LELAND: Lieutenant Colonel E. H. ELDREDGE, commander Naval and Military Order of the Spanish American War; Captain EDWIN G. BARRETT, commander of the United Spanish War Veterans, and his adjutant; the general officers of the Governor's staff, as follows: Brigadier-General JAMES P. PARKER (Adjutant General). Brigadier General WILLIAM H. DRVINE, Brigadier. General WILLIAM H. BRIGHAM, Brigadler General FREDERICK B. CARPENTER, Brigadier General WILLIAM B. EMERY, and Brigadier General Hyon BANCROFT.

None of these professors of the art of war was a delegate to the peace congress or present at the dinners it begot. If they had been they doubtless would not have recognized Mr. BRYAN, particularly when he declared with unction over his demi-tasse:

" War is not necessary, and I could not worship y GoD with the zeal I do if I thought that He intended to make my advancement depend on my taking my brother's life."

Fortunately for his peace of mind Mr. BRYAN when he forgot himself so amazingly as to be measured for a uniform and strap a sword on his thigh was not called upon to spill blood. In these piping times of peace he must shudder when he thinks how near he was to murdering his ideals and forfeiting his title to be the cynosure of a peace congress. Does he sometimes wonder what might have been his future if the Third Nebraska had charged up San Juan Hill with its impulsive Colone! pumping his revolver at the Spaniards in the trenches? We really believe Mr. BRYAN thought that his advancement depended upon his deeds as a man of war and blood, but he was mercifully spared the humiliation of profiting by his error. At the military breakfast in Boston, surrounded by his companions in arms, Mr. BRYAN, having erally evangelize a misled and mistaken i forever laid aside the trappings of war. must have apostrophized peace, urged ission, offering all sorts of fascinating the Generals about him to attend the

survivors of the Seventh Army Corps that by the surrender of the Spaniards under the ceiba tree at Santiago they escaped the false glory of killing their brothers. There has been no report of the speechmaking at the Algonquin breakfast, but we cannot imagine Mr. BRYAN so untrue to his ideals as to lose the opportunity to make converts to them on such an occasion.

The Tunnel to Prince Edward Island. Prince Edward Island is a land of pure delight in summer and a mighty uncomfortable place in winter. Perhaps because of its winter discomfort nature contributes a merciful isolation by throwing an ice barrier around it during that season. The people of the island refuse to accept the decree of nature with any grace or spirit of submission, and as often as they can they smash through the ice barrier with heavy steam tugs. When they cannot smash they grumble.

The Canadian Parliament has spent some time this winter in discussing a project for a tunnel from the island to the mainland, and it seems probable that the plan will some day be carried out. The scheme is not entirely new, but is now agitated more vigorously than ever before. Surveys and soundings were made in 1892. The engineers of the Canadian Department of Public Works have submitted a report stating that the project is feasible and that there are no insurmountable engineering difficulties to be overcome. The tunnel proposed by the survey of 1892 would be seven and a half miles long, and would reach a depth of 150 feet below the water level. The official estimate of cost was about \$15,000,000. Other estimates range from \$9,000,000 to \$40,000,000.

Prince Edward Island has an area of nearly 2,200 square miles and a population of a little more than 100,000. Such a tunnel as that proposed would be an interesting enterprise and a convenience to the islanders, but there seems to be little to recommend it as a profitable investment.

The Cracker Lanier.

The Hon. JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES is vexed with the obtuseness of his countrymen. Mr. BRYAN has not consented BRYAN. When last seen in Chicago the Cracker lanier drooped and shivered and had not the heart to preen its disconsolate and incompt feathers. Down its dejected throat no kindly hand poured the sweet oil of encouragement and sympathy. It peaked. It was getting

Yet, as another poet has put the case: Sweeter is the silence when a bird has ceased to sing"; and if on tablets of the heart or phonograph a grander, sweeter song than the lanier's is preserved, we want a copy by the first mail:

If BRYAN from defeat will not retrieve The laurel upon ROOSEVELT's conquering brow. Then from the great height of victory let Rooss

VELT Reach down to lift the patriot BRYAN up To power and to duty."

Why do gifts like these have a curtain before them? There should be a public recognition of them by the Universal Connoisseur and Authority. The Hon. JAKE RIIS is content to be one of the King's Friends, a privy counsellor, an historiographer, a rhapsodist sincere and strong, but without the Johannine-Templar mighty pinion, the bubbling cadences, the musk, the fire, the honey dew, the milk of paradise. Here is the born and predestined laureate. Congress will be glad to oblige Mr. Roose-VELT and honor song by creating the office. And it is possible enough that GRAVES can play lawn tennis as well as the trisagion, the rebec, the lute, the lyre, the dulcimer and the favorite.

The Belgians have recently introduced the camel into the Congo State at Leopoldville, on the upper river. The history of such experiments would seem to doom the present attempt to failure, but according to the latest information the animals appear to be thriving and the Belgians have high hopes that they may make the camel the animal of all work for the plains or not heavily timbered regions of the plateau. which embrace more than two-thirds of their vast domain. It will be a great boon to inner tropical Africa if this can be done. and the outcome of the present effort will be awaited with interest.

The Germans tried it some fifteen years ago in German East Africa when they landed twelve camels at Bagamoyo and loaded them for Lake Tanganyika, but every animal died long before reaching the lake. They had to hoof it, however, across the fetid, superhumid coast lands before climbing the plateau, while the Belgians whisked their animals across the lowlands on the railroad to the better climatic conditions of Stanley Pool, and so they were not enervated at the outset by the especially unfavorable phases of damp tropical weather. Forty camels were taken to Java early in the last century, but they could not endure the great change from their natural conditions and the experiment was

never repeated. The Belgians have shown much pluck and determination in their efforts to find a serviceable work animal. They have dragged the elephant out of his jungle, tamed him and trained him to work, but unfortunately every animal thus far has died just as he seemed to be reaching the point of efficiency. The zebra farm is still maintained, and the little animals, harnessed to carts look well in photographs, but their education has not yet reached the point where practical usefulness begins. There is a great chance in tropical Africa for draught animals that can fill the bill.

The transfer of Captain CHARLES YOUNG, U. S. A., from Port au Prince, where he performed the responsible duties of Military Attaché to the American Legation. to service with the Ninth Cavalry, which will presently sail for the Philippines, reminds the country of the existence of a West Point graduate and army officer who is a negro. From all accounts Captain Young is a competent and well behaved soldier, but he has not become a problem the Department has looked out for that, Before it lent him to the Haytian Government Captain Young served unobtrusively with the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry and the Twenty-fifth Infantry, negro regiments, and for a very brief time with the Seventh Cavalry, a white regiment. He was officially attached to the Ninth Cavalry when war was declared against Spain, but he did not accompany the regiment invitation to youth and zeal. The coun- Hague conference, and congratulated the to Cuba; the Department thoughtfully made

him a Major of volunteers and assigned him to the Ninth Ohio, a negro regiment. After the war came a tour of duty in the unpaved capital of Hayti. He was still on the army list as an officer of the Ninth Cavalry, seniority having promoted him to a Captaincy. Young might have been a Brigadier-General if he had distinguished

But with his assignment to regimental

himself in action with the Moros.

duty with the Ninth Cavalry in the Philippines Captain Young at last threatens to become a problem. Fortunately for him, the Ninth is not filled with company officers who are Southerners, as was formerly the case. The Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel are Northern men, and so are a large majority of the Captains and Lieutenants. In fact, Southern men are rare in the Ninth to-day. Captain Young is seventy-fifth on the list of Captains, and as he still has more than twenty years to serve seniority will some day lift him to the rank of Colonel if he survives the ordeal. Then he will be a problem indeed.

When I say "square deal" I mean a square deal to

Everybody that agrees with me.

At a hearing by the Ways and Means Committee on Beacon Hill appeared WHIT-FIELD TUCK and S. HAMLET. Mr. TUCK was for the initiative and referendum, and Mr. HAMLET "talked violently for ten min utes on the Duma, immigration and Americanism." It would have been a dull hearing with HAMLET left out, and WHITFIELD TUCK should be added to the names that are their own fame.

A Chicago railway announces its annua sale of unclaimed baggage, and the Chicago Tribune comments editorially on the "mys tery" of this abandoned property. The loss of an umbrella is so common an experience that there is no puzzle in the fact that 564 umbrellas are included among the advertised articles. Umbrella losers seldom make any diligent search for the lost property. They accept the loss calmly and philosophically and buy a new gamp. The sixty abandoned canes which show on the list were probably little valued by their owners. The man who treasures his cane is not apt to leave it anywhere.

It is, however, difficult to account for the desertion, careless or deliberate, of some of the advertised articles. Here is a single railway line which accumulates abandoned and unclaimed baggage including seven baby carriages, thirty-six bicycles, 270 trunks, 759 satchels and suit cases and hundreds of packages, parcels and miscellaneous to nominate Mr. ROOSEVELT. Mr. ROOSE- articles, for which no owners appear within VELT has not sonsented to nominate Mr. | a year after they came into the hands of the company. Other lines have a similar accumulation, and the annual total of such lost and abandoned property on all lines is large. The accumulation of the road here referred to included 2.894 articles.

Why do thirty-six people, on a single railroad and within a year, abandon their bicycles? Why do more than 1,000 people abandon their trunks and satchels? "Here, says the Chicago paper, "is a mystery to which the imagination in vain tries to find a solution.

UNCHANGING WOMAN.

An Ungallant Canadian Opinion on Feminine Nature.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-SITE interested in the remarks made by Mr. Justice Plowden, a police magistrate of London, on what he thinks has been a change in woman's nature. According to his notion, woman, once most gentle and lovable, has changed into nother person not at all like her former is own words, she has changed from a dove into an eagle.

Now, then, I am getting fairly well along on the dark side of life and have been pretty well acquainted with a whole lot of women, but as far as could think just then I couldn't recall any change in the nature of women that had been plain such to be noticeable at the distance I was from However, I was not alone at this time, so handed the paper over to my visitor, a farmer who had called in to chat while one of the m lisagreeable snowstorms of the season was poing on outside. "Gosh," he said after he had read it, "I wonder

what kind of Judges they have in England. Why, say, there hasn't been any change in women since woman first came. They were always the same; sometimes as good and as dovelike as can be, at other times not so dovelike and at odd times likely little squally if we are to judge by what has come on with us through time concerning them. ast here I think I can give you a pretty good illusration of what I mean. Do you know what Indian summer ls? "Oh, yes," I replied, "I know what Indian summer

it is the most delightful time of the whole year." "Yes, so it is," acknowledged the old man, and hen he asked, "Do you know what a squaw win-"Well, I should say so," I replied as I looked out

the window and saw one, "it is the very opposite o Indian summer."

"Well, then," went on the farmer, "doesn't that ow pretty plainly that when the naming was done so many years ago that woman was not all the time that dovelike creature that English Judge seems to think she was? Certainly it does; otherwise the names would have been reversed, and to-day would be squaw summer in the autumn and Indian winter in the spring. Ob. ac. woman hasn't changed, and she never will change," concluded th id man in a most decided tone of voice, and I guess e isn't far astray. KIRKFIELD, Ont., April 22.

Has Official Permission Been Given? TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: I saw this head ng in to day's Sun: "Ladies Can Wear Shoes." n't wish to doubt the statement, but I have seen no message from the President on the subject, and therefore hesitate to take advantage of the per

What was the date of his message on "Ladies" shoes"? I wish to be sure about it before I put them I gins. It stands squarely on its legs and n, and also want to know how many pairs he thinks ! each man's wife ought to have NEW YORK, April 23. ANXIOUS INQUIREE.

The Good Luck in the Horseshoe.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN Sir: I have generally seen the good luck horseshoe placed U. with the idea that it would thus hold all its luck. In my amily, on the contrary, there has been one for ears placed], in order that the luck may fall on e members of the family The superstitions who hold tenaciously to the

istomary I will say that we all deserve ill luck As a matter of fact. I know of no happler family BOSTON, April 23.

The Other Great American Traveller Nomi-

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SEN SEC. Watter Verry Best Man That The Democrat Party Could Name For President & I Am with The Demorat Party like Watterson is With Brya JOHN WIMAN

Where Rhode Island's Money Goes, rom the Report of the Treasurer of Rhode Island. for wild foxe lounty for wild crows, hawks, &c.

Tae Maxims.

First-Fit yourself for the work God has fo u to do in this world, and lose no time about it.
"Second Have all the fun that is coming to you
"Third- Go ahead, do something, and be willing ourth Learn by your mistakes."

In proper pursuance of maxim the first Laid down by the Wise and the Great Miss Annabel went to a finishing school While Pa liquidated the freight.

Observing the second in scrupulous steps, She hastened to party and hall, Including, of course, in her schedule of life A trip to dear Europe withal.

Regarding the third rule, she hastened at once To follow conditions imposed; Whereat it was noticed as speedy result A certain young fellow proposed Then, since the lilustrious third rule was kept,

The fourth was a matter of co-And thus in due season, required by the law, Miss Annabel got a divorce. MCLANDBURGH WILSON. AROUND THE GALLERIES.

It is now the time of year which the deal ers call the "top of the season," yet a time and a "top" that lacks the animal provocation of stinging air and wintry sunshine There are the usual amount of sales, hurry up, executors and hand me down Rembrandts; but something is lacking. The snap is not in the blood. Paint begins to smell heavy. And the merry book rears upon the posters. Spring is here, though the snow may heap inches high upon the streets. For the reporter of paint, varnish and genius, even his favorites of yester month wear an ominous expression. Ha! he cries, can we have been mistaken? And then he goes to the Brandus sale, sees an Alma-Tadema sell for \$100,000-more or less-and after a dealer staggers with his purchase down the avenue the tormented critic feels at rest. When Henri, Glackens, Sloane, Lawson, Luks, Davies, Myers, any of the "wicked" new men sell a canvas it is really sold-not knocked down.

Some one has discovered that George Luks is a naughty painter! His colors are not blessed. His frames have read Swinburne and his canvas was bought in Paris! Isn't it joyous, this dear old "gag"? When you don't like a poet, a pianist, a painter, composer, a sculptor, a novelist, just brand him as "immoral," or "mad," or 'decadent"-which is both-and then turn to your "virtuous" palette and paint chaste pink water ice young ladies. Any one who has ever seen the work of Luks lenows that it is "healthy" realism; that it is optimistically cheerful; that it deals with life and not with the burnt umber ghosts of darkened studios.

But to our muttons-which, as it happens is the weather. When all fruit fails welcome haws, runs an old saying-darkly frugivorous. Therefore you cannot blame commenters on pictures for plunging into violent and irrelevant discussions apropos of nothing. Why is the Carnegie Institute? Is it true that J. D. R. has bought \$50,000,000 worth of American art to send to China to convert the race? Macbeth was seen talking with Montross at the Waldorf last night! What's up? A Scottish-Irish coalition which may prove fatal to non-impressionists. Lay on, Macduff! Mr. Tooth, it is admitted, stopped three times to look at a Roybet on the avenue-the one which is the portrait of a man far gone in drink. Yet this is no reason for the gossip that the Tooths have traded their forthcoming Alma-Tadema for a ton of Roybets. Mr. Watson has just discovered another cellarful of Monticellis. The Cottiers are envious and Julius Ochme is thinking about that beauty he sold. Glaenzers have a Duprébut why go on? The Avenue is clotted with rumors. Why print these items, except for the delectation of certain out of town journals which gobble them wholesale without acknowledgement!

Or shall we drift uptown and chronicle the small beer of the studios? That is what they call at Coney Island the "last Whether Herr Mahl or M. Glaize or car." Signor Impasto or Miss Canary are or are not finished for the season is a matter of indifference to the public. And nothing is so fatally easy as to drop in upon a lot of nice girls filling themselves full of weak tea and art at some studio where even the rags on the walls are delightfully artistic, there to praise Susan's or Will's latest portrait and still life.

At the Ribera Studio on West 272d street the air vibrates with fiddles-three strings missing-pianos (E flat nocturne, "Shopang") whistles, amorous toned combs, banjos and shrill sofleggio. Of the 196 occupants all save two are music mad. We are quite prepared to enter this stronghold of Bohemia, where onions, cigarettes and art ideals cluster, for in it resides Bill's last picture was rejected at the Academy (Fakers), and for a good reason. The hanging committee blushed, closed its eyes and said "No!" firmly, unanimously And what do you suppose the subject wasit has since been admitted that the treatment is masterly. Bill called his picture "The Liar." When we asked him if he had read Henry James, he coarsely inquired: "James Who?" No doubt trouble will come of this candid man's expression of his feelings. More recrimination from Fiftyseventh street; more pot shots on the critical firing line; more caustic criticism from Henri (Bill is not his pupil), and perhaps trouble in Washington. We side with the Academy (Fakers) wholly in this matter. The committee acted with tact. If it had swung that portrait into view --! We stagger at the very idea. The Ribera Studio is fairly buzzing with gossip. Hence

the music; when the girls and boys give out in words they play the rest. If our remarks appear jaundiced, set it down to the weather. The worm will turn and the reporter may gird. We went the rounds with religious fervor the other day but the sight of three boys trying to steal a top from a fourth was more inspiring than a Manet. We stood before Tiffany's window and admired a spirited group of Remingtons-some United States cavalrymen of 1850 fighting Indians. It was the fault of the weather, maybe, but we felt the thrill of the shindy, the rearing of the mad horses. and enjoyed it better than, one of Rodin's passionated marbles.

A bull at Macbeth's! By Carleton Wigregards the world with indifferent eyes. The Holstein cow that hangs on another wall calmly chews the cud, oblivious of cattle are very real. This artist shows some pleasing and discreet landscapes; his sheep are appetizing. His skies are silvery. He paints exactly what he sets out to paint. Happy Wiggins! More than fifty landscapes and marines

of Birge Harrison are hung in the gallery

of the Century Association. They testify to

an immense amount of hard work, immense facility. We wish we could like them all; frankly we cannot. If you admire a Lawson snow scene you can't like Harrison's notation of the same subject-that is, unless you are double visioned. Mr. Harrison paints snow with "authority," smooth, clean, refined snow, yet it does not give you the impression of having been closely observed. In a word it is studio snow. snow conventionalized. Several of the marines are effective; many pretty and insincere. Effect is aimed at; the pathos of sunset, the sentiment of the cloud that thee, my darling, in the window on a cold, dark night. We approved of the dark paint of the Seine bridge and Quebec from the river; also the pastel "Evening Light" and the blue ice of Plymouth harbor. And there was a small canvas, without a number, of unforced feeling; a stretch of water. the tree shadows falling, a single sail in the middle distance. This outdoor mood seemed the most sterling bit in the room. far adrift from the other pictures in technical address and showiness as it is. At Clausen's there is a double exhibition-

portraits by Orlando Rouland, landscapes and marines by Hobart Nichols, Mr. Rouland has painted every one of note. even the President. We suspect that he painted the latter by hearsay. Perhaps Loeb sat for it. Olga Samaroff is at her

piano, and is at the point of smashing Ischaikowsky into smithereens. John Burroughs is mildly naturalistic. Mrs. Richard Mansfield is better looking in life. Irving Wiles is a portrait. Julia Marlowe as Ophelia is emotional to the bursting point. (It is a sketch; a finished picture might have ended in an explosion.) The Edward MacDowell must have been painted years ago; it is not a likeness. The Paderewski sketch does not grip. Edwin Markham is a handsome man on the street; Mr. Rouland presents a thoughtful effigy. "Sylvia" is the nicest portrait in the col lection, that of a girl in white. The Nichols pictures deal with Holland and France. Katwijk and Moret. That eternal church, that same old bridge-no, it's the same old green moonlight. The moon must be fash-

ioned of emerald cheese at Moret. The beach scene at Katwijk is atmospheric. "Summer Day" has an Albert Groll sky and clouds However, Mr. Nichols has plenty of warrant for his work. It is not particularly original, but it is enjoyable We liked his St. Sulpice flower market, which we recall having visited years ago one morning so early that the flowers hadn't bloomed. Nichols evidently timed his arrival to better purposes. There was much hammering, much ado about nails and drapery when we entered the Galleries of the National Arts Club. There had been a reception the night before. All the catalogues had disappeared

and the unhappy scribe was forced to trust to his memory and make wild guesses. Very remarkable were some of themthe guesses, not the pictures. We mistook a certain bust for a mediocre Rodin, until we eventually apologized at closer range. Rodin's "Madame V." has served many a sculptor for a model. We admired the portrait of Francis Wilson of course by a virile brush, we thought and then saw that it was signed Clara T. MacChesney. Surely Miss MacChesney will consider this a compliment. Few men would have painted her sitter with such directness, simplicity, solidity. It is both a likeness and an inter pretation. There are Lafarges and numerous pictures by women. Frank V. Du Mond, Benjamin Porter, Robert Vonnoh, A. I. Keller, Richard Hall, Douglas Volk, Miller Ury, Bolton Jones-the list is long are represented. The sculpture is by MacNeil, Richard George, Alfred Seligman, Zolnay, Daniel French, Bissell, Bush-Brown, John Boyle, Brewster, Brenner and Enid Yandell. Miss Yandell, in addition to a Lotus Flower Fountain, shows a favorite head, that of Baroness de Braunecker. In all there are 163 pictures and twenty-six pieces of modelling, almost an Academy Any notion you may have entertained

that you are to patronize a "pupils" show

quite vanishes after you stare about you

at the gallery of the New York school, Eightieth street and Broadway. Yet all the men represented were pupils at one time in this thriving and ultra modern institution of pictorial instruction. As William Chase, Robert Henri, Ernest Lawson and other well known practitioners of the gentle art are instructors there is every reason that this present exhibition should be an excellent one. It is. The names of George Bellows, Homer Boss, P. H. Bruce, L. T. Dresser, Guy du Boishe son of the late gifted Henri Pene du Bois-Arnold Friedman, Julius Golz, Jr., C. Prosper Invernizzi, Rockwell Kent, John Koopman, George McKay (deceased), Walter Pach, Carl Sprinchorn, Hannibal Preziosi and G. L. Williams. Several of the above names are already familiar in the art world: both Homer Boss and George Bellows were in the Spring Academy, showing capital pictures. Golz is strong. We recall a Blackwell's Island of his at the Academy and also at the Pennsylvania Academy-which Bill Dubbs, the painter of Rough Riders argues well for his fugure. Bellows has and the only man in the city who has three examples-the Pennsylvania tunnel not taken a back at Roosevelt's portrait. excavation being the most familiar. Here is a slice of New York keenly observed. keenly transcribed. It is not pretty. Nor s the tunnel at full blast very alluring. When you paint a crab apple don't give us a luscious peach (but the idealists always clamor for the pretty peach). Boss exhibits three portraits. The women are admirable -easy in posture, values justly felt, and unmistakable vitality. The Henri influence is there, but chastened; Boss has a poetic temperament; his silhouettes are firm and graceful. John Koopman's street scene, snow on the ground, coal being dumped, traffic obstructed, would make the heart of a policeman beatwfaster than normal, the picture is so real. Golz has four exhibits to his credit; a carnival that reveals a color sense and the power of catching movement; and a wet day on the East River-the latter is true Goltzius Rockwell Kent's show to better advantage than at Clausen's. The New York

gallery is larger and better lighted. His massive style (we once called it immature, but the types made us say miniature, and rude grip on sea and sky are not to be mistaken for other men's promptings. Mr. Kent may remember some day that his pictures were not hung at the Academy but we hope he will forget the fact. He may "arrive" in ten years-or next summer. He is young and talented. "Toiling On the Sea" is a picture in which it is not difficult to decipher the horoscope of Kent. Carl Sprinchorn is a still younger man, a Swede by birth. He too was a storm centre at the recent Academy. You may now see why the authorities did not like his "Ferryboat in Snowstorm." It is because it is a ferryboat in a snowstorm, and not a Venetian sunset; ugly, biting cold, dismal. the waves muddy, the deck awash, the old its painted brother. But those Wiggins | boat tilting up. In this canvas every canon of academic art is violated by a youth who happened to see things as they are no wonder the picture got on people's nerves. Why select such a subject? asks the rose water artist. Simply because Sprinchorn watched the moiling, toiling ferry and liked it. Besides, as Henry James once remarked (in an infinitely complicated sentence), never ask a painter why he makes a selection. Such matters are inscrutable to the psychologist. So play ball! Mr. Dresser's portrait of a boy, just a plain street "kid," betrays an eye and a wrist. An enjoyable exhibition, which closes May 4.

At the Ehrich Galleries, Fifth avenue there is now in progress an exhibition of early American art, more than half a hundred of canvases by Copley, Inman, Jarvis, Peale, Rothermel, Gilbert Stuart, Thomas Sully, Benjamin West, John Trumbull, William Beard, Balling, William Dunlap hides the sun, and the light that waits for | and others. It is a very interesting show. Several Presidents are represented Washington, Madison, Martin Van Buren, Millard Fillmore, Zachary Taylor and Andrew Jackson. There is an eloquent portrait of Martha Washington by Rembrandt Peale. and an unusual Benjamin West-a group of gentlemen. Sully's portrait of David Clinton Jones is Sully at his most vigorous; while the Stuarts, ten in number, must attract all lovers of this master.

> An uncommon sea tale in Scribner's Magazine for May is the interesting account of the voyage of the dry dock Dewey to Manila. Three short stories and Wharton's serial make up the fiction. Dutch cheese making towns are described, with many pictures. Sidney Lee begins a series on American colonization, there is a criticism of high speed on railroads, and an account of the pictures in the Harrisburg State House. There are six ings, Timothy Cole's wood engraving and Mr. poems also.

REPRESSING CRIME.

An Ohio Statute for Punishment of Burglars Recommended for New York TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: One of he most effective aids that could be rendered to Commissioner Bingham by the citizens of lew York, as well as a most essential safeguard to their own personal, property and family rights, would be for all law abiding and order loving persons to unite in a demand o the present Legislature of New York State that at its present session it repeal the exist-ing laws on the subject of burglary and adort and enact the provisions of the Ohio statu which has had most salutary effects. The law is not accessible to me at this moment, out it provides that a person convicted of the crime of burglary shall be sentenced by the presiding Judge to the penitentiary for life. excepting that when the jury accompanies its verdict of guilty with a recommendation mercy the Court is empowered, i the life imprisonment, to sentence the offender the penitentiary for a term of not less than or more than twenty years: ten years r any consideration being the minimum

ntence. The law is eminently just, for it is predicated The law is eminently just, for it is proposed to the proposition, hardly open to dispute, that the midnight marauder is a murderer at the midnight may be one one in fact, the does not become one in fact, the does not arise. The that the midnight marauder is a murderer at heart. That he does not become one in fact is because the exigency does not arise. The wholesome effect of the law, passed only three years ago, is evidenced by the growing infrequency of crimes of that character. Pass the Ohio law and the hands of Commissioner Bingham in his excellent work will be effectually upheld, his labors will be materially lightened, burglary will become less frequent, while your citizens will be able to retire at night with an assurance of safety which is now absent.

Then in addition let the Legislature make the carrying of deadly weapons, exposed or hidden, regardless of age, a felony, with a fixed sentence of imprisonment not a finely with a good, healthy misimum which cannot be disregarded by the Court, and the citizen may draw a breath of relief with the consciousness that he is surrounded with protective safeguards both day and night.

Little Falls, N. J., April 23. W. A. S.

Common Sense About This Year's Judictary Nominations.

From the New York Tribune of yesterday We are glad to see the New York Times in second with our suggestion that Judges Edward T. Bartlett and Willard Bartlett be nomtnated by both parties for the Court of Ap Many Republican papers throughout the State have also declared for non-partisar Judiciary nominations next fall, and we hope that all influential Democratic papers will make themselves heard, as the Times has in support of this plan. Chairman Woodrus f the Republican State committee is quoted as favoring a common nomination. Man prominent business men and members of the bar, he says, have spoken to him of the advisability of naming the two Judge Bartletts, and he has not heard a word of dissent

It would be absurd for the parties to go to the expense of holding State conventions and conducting a State campaign to elect public officers whose election should not be a partisan advantage. The pomination of the Bartlette would be in every way desirable. They are both excellent Judges of long experience and both are now members of the Court of Appeals. One of them is a Republican and the other is a Democrat, but neither is a strong partisan, and the nomination of both would consequently come as near to non-partisanship in judicial nominations as it is ever practicable to come. We may take Chairman Woodruff's statement as an indication of the Republican State committee's intention to adopt the Tribune's suggestion to make up its ticket of the Republican and the Demo cratic Bartlett.

If the Democratic party authorities should be so unwise as not to join in their nomina tion the Republican party would at any rate have the people with it, for the voters have hown in an unmistakable way that they be lieve in keeping the courts out of politics.

Senator Tillman's Education.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUS-Sir: In the landard of Daphne, Ala, of April 12 Senator Tillman is reported as saying in an address at Citronville: "Education does not make the egro a better or more lawabiding citizen.

deciding on the influences of education, should o recognize an educated man in this further atterance of the Senator's address; "When Jefferson wrote that 'all men are born freand equal' he had meant to say, 'All men ar orn free and alive," " If Senator Tillman had employed some

graduate of Tuskegee to revise his manuscripts and proofs he might have saved some of us old Southerners the shame of seeing in the place of Calhoun-learned and exact-Senator who cannot quote the Declaration of

Independence with even approximate correctness, much less understand it The main reason for the Declaration wa hat all men are not born free and equal but that all were "created" equal, and have the

right to recover the equality and liberty which heir Creator intended, but of which kinghad robbed their subject masses MONCURE D. CONWAY.

NEW YORK, April 24.

The Long Reach. To THE EDITOR OF THE SIX Six What as the President of the United States to do with the affairs of this State? How the toernor sought the aid of the President, and so, to what end? Does the long arm of the President, this new Alexander, reach hair of the presiding officer of our State A sembly?

Governor Hughes has given frank exp sion of his faith in the people -the people allo elected him to be Governor for himsels, to assume all its responsibilities and to enjoy all peen satisfied with his recent predaments Let him hold to his faith, as indeed we have no reason to doubt he will.

people want the "square deal," who eems to be in danger of falling into innorm desuctude, temporarily or otherwise, just now, But, hands off the Empire State! NEW YORK, April 24.

Conscience Stricken Student

From the London Erening Standers hey seem. The London and Northwestern Ra way Company had experience of a supersor ndergraduate, who begged their acceptance of sum of £50. He could not be found guilts of traelling without a ficket or of having committed an of the other small sits of which passengers are sometimes guilty. When travelling to and from ooks, passenger's luggage. It had since day pon him that he ought to have paid for the free of these books, that they were not legitimate posenger's luggage. The company returned heck, with thanks and praise and all things : r his scrupulous conscientiousness. But be back and insisted upon its acceptance e had passed, and went their way rejoicing

Not the Miles Standish of the Marvin (ase, From the New York Times

As to the Miles Standish mentioned in the patches from Dover, there is a well known ! tandish in this city who is descended from famous New England family, but he is not the Dover and has no connection was with the Marvin case.

Two Questions as to the Supernormal.

TO THE UDITOR OF THE SUN SIT: Has telepe

een established as a scientific fact? Has clairvoyance of the future any foundar any one's personal experience? NEW YORK, April 24

Unremunerative Vice. Mrs. Knieker-Do you think poker or raching t Mrs. Bocker-Racing. Charles doesn't give

my presents after it. Six short stories in the Century Magazine to Robbins, a sufficient supply of fiction. There a new Lincoln recollections, more Whistle escribes Jamestown, in view of the to relebration; and other illustrated articles de the Laon cathedral and with night belloo lialy. A plea is made for changes in rathroad Aguals Pletorial art freed from literature is repr by Mr. Herzog's photographs, Miss Le Boy's